

The Anti-Christ

THE ANTI CHRIST

1.

Let us look each other in the face.

We are Hyperboreans—

[1 Cf. the tenth Pythianode. See also the fourth book of Herodotus.

The Hyperboreans were a mythical people beyond the Rhipaeon mountains, in the far North. They enjoyed un-broken happiness and perpetual youth.]

[Hyperborea is a land of plenty in Greek mythology.]

[Hýperbōrei, a nation in the northern parts of Europe and Asia, who were said to live to an incredible age, even to 1000 years, and in the enjoyment of all possible felicity.

The sun was said to rise and set to them but once a year, and therefore, perhaps, they are placed by Virgil under the north pole.

The word signifies people who inhabit beyond the wind Boreas. Thrace was the residence of Boreas, according to the ancients.

Whenever the Hyperboreans made offerings they always sent them towards the south, and the people of Dodona were the first of the Greeks who received them. The word Hyperboreans is applied, in general, to all those who inhabit any cold climate.]

we know well enough how remote our place is.

[we are well aware how far off the beaten track we live.]

“Neither by land nor by water will you find the road to the Hyperboreans” even Pindar, in his day, knew that much about us.
[‘Neither by land nor by sea will you find the way to the Hyperboreans’: Pindar had already known this about us.]

[Pindar: X. FOR HIPPOKLEAS OF THESSALY
WINNER IN THE TWO-STADION FOOT-RACE OF BOYS

...

For now hath he tasted the joy of games, and to the host of the dwellers round about hath the valley beneath Parnassos proclaimed him best among the boys who ran the double race[2].

[Footnote 2: Down the stadion (220 yards) and back.]

O Apollo, sweet is the end when men attain thereto, and the beginning availed more when it is speeded of a god.

Surely of thy devising were his deeds: and this his inborn valour hath trodden in the footsteps of his father twice victor at Olympia in panoply of war-affronting arms[3]:

[Footnote 3: I. e. in the race run in full armour, like that at Pytho which Telesikrates, of Kyrene won, celebrated in the fore-going ode.]

moreover the games in the deep meadow beneath Kirrha's cliff gave victory to the fleet feet of Phrikias[4].

May good luck follow them

... Never indeed shall he climb the brazen heaven, but whatsoever splendours we of mortal race may reach, through such he hath free course even to the utmost harbourage.

But neither by taking ship, neither by any travel on foot, to the

Hyperborean folk shalt thou find the wondrous way.

Yet of old the chieftain Perseus entered into their houses and
feasted among them,

when that he had lighted on them as they were sacrificing ample
hecatombs of asses to their god.

For ever in their feasts and hymns hath Apollo especial joy, and
laugheth to see the braying ramp of the strange beasts.

Nor is the Muse a stranger to their lives, but everywhere are
stirring to and fro dances of maidens and shrill noise of pipes:

and binding golden bay-leaves in their hair they make them
merry cheer.

Nor pestilence nor wasting eld approach that hallowed race:

they toil not neither do they fight, and dwell unharmed of cruel
Nemesis]

Beyond the North, beyond the
ice, beyond death— our life, our happiness.. . .

[Beyond the North, beyond death - *our* lives, *our* happiness ...]

We have discovered that happiness;

[We have discovered happiness,]

we know the way;
we got our knowledge of it from
thousands of years in the labyrinth.

[we know the way, we have found the way out of the labyrinth of
whole millennia.]

Who else has found it?—
[Who *e/se* has found this?]

The man of today?—
[Maybe the modern man?]

“I don’t know either the way out or the way in;
I am whatever doesn’t know either the way out or the way in”—so
sighs the man of today. . .
[‘I don’t know where I am; I am everything that doesn’t know where
it is’ - sighs the modern man. . .]

This is the sort of modernity that made us ill,
— we sickened on lazy peace, cowardly compromise, the whole
virtuous dirtiness of the modern Yea and Nay.
[*This* modernity made us ill - this indolent peace, this cowardly
compromise, the whole virtuous filth of the modern yes and no.]

This tolerance and largueur of the heart that “forgives” everything
because it “understands” everything is a sirocco to us.
[This tolerance and *largueur* of the heart that ‘forgives’ everything
because it ‘understands’ everything is *sirocco* for us.]

[SIROCCO: hot, dry, dust-laden wind; any hot, oppressive wind]

Rather live mid the ice than among modern
virtues and other such southwinds!...
[Better to live on the ice than among the modern virtues and other
south winds!]

(FREEZE THE DEVIL)
(Nietzsche is referring still to Hýperbõrei)

We were brave enough; we spared neither ourselves nor others; but
we were a long time finding out where to direct our courage.

[We were brave enough, we did not spare ourselves or other people: but for a long time we did not know *what to do* with courage.]

(Nietzsche is beginning to talk about who his race of 'Hyperboreans' were during a time when they were lost, or unable to find the way to Hyperborea)(His people did not know what to do with their courage.)

We grew dismal;
they called us fatalists.

[We became miserable, people called us fatalists.]

Our fate— it was the fulness, the tension, the storing up of powers.
[*Our fate* - that was abundance, tension, a damning up of forces.]

(Nietzsche describes that the former fate - that *was* - abundance, tension, and damning up or storing force and power.)

We thirsted for the lightnings and
great deeds;

[We thirsted for lightning and action,]

we kept as far as possible from the
happiness of the weakling, from “resignation” . . .

[we stayed as far away as possible from the happiness of weaklings, from 'resignation' ...]

There was thunder in our air; nature,
as we embodied it, became overcast
for we had not yet found the way.

[There was a storm in our air, the nature that we *are* grew dark -
because we had no path.]

(Nietzsche is describing the desire of his version of the Hyperboreans to be to express that energy, rather than feeling

that they are 'resigned' and unable to use their energy to obtain their goals.)

(Nietzsche is describing that this former, lost, version of his version of the Hyperboreans were stormy and dark because their tensions and desires had not been expressed - metaphorically, like lightning from a storm.)

The formula of our happiness: a Yea, a Nay, a straight line, a goal.. . .
[Formula for our happiness: a yes, a no, a straight line, a goal.]

(Nietzsche is now expressing the path out of the labyrinth that he is describing as the former lost way of his version of the Hyperborean people that he is claiming to represent: the metaphorical lightning strike, straight at the goal. If not toward the goal, then decline. If toward the goal, then accept. Move straight toward the goal.)

(Note: In 1889, one year after publishing this work, Nietzsche collapsed and never recovered his sanity. Then, in 1900, he died while living his final time in the home of his mother and sister - who gained control over his literary estate.)

(Nietzsche did, in fact, reach his goal of metaphorically striking as lightning in expressing his ideas in this book. Yet, did he become the mythical version of a Hyperborean that he claimed to be achieving? No.)

(I am reading Nietzsche's quest to become anti-Christian and Hyperborean as a cautionary true story about the dangers of a philosophical mindset that is directed toward goal-oriented satisfaction.)

What is good?—

Whatever augments the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself, in man.

[What is good? - Everything that enhances people's feelings of power, will to power, power itself.]

(Continuing to discuss the path to the Hyperboreans, Nietzsche is writing positively to follow anything that enhances the feeling of power, anything that enhances the will to power, and anything that augments power itself - In the individual or in humanity)

What is evil?—

Whatever springs from weakness.

[What is bad? - Everything stemming from weakness.]

(Nietzsche is writing negatively to avoid anything that derives its origin from 'weakness')

What is happiness?—

The feeling that power increases—that resistance is overcome.

[What is happiness? - The feeling that power is *growing*, that some resistance has been overcome.]

(In the path to reaching, or becoming one of, the Hyperboreans, Nietzsche finds happiness - not in the weakness of resignation, but in - overcoming resistance and feeling that his power has therefore increased.)

Not contentment, but more power;
not peace at any price, but war;

[Not contentedness, but more power; *not* peace, but war;]

(Nietzsche is arguing that to reach the Hyperboreans, happiness is found in more power, not in finding contentment, and that

happiness is found in war, instead of peace.)

not virtue, but efficiency (virtue in the Renaissance sense, *virtu*, virtue free of moral acid).

[Not virtue, but prowess (virtue in the style of the Renaissance, *virtú*, moraline-free virtue)]

(Nietzsche continues his argument that the right way to become Hyperborean is through efficiency of action - without the moral 'acid' of 'virtue' that would stop the path or change the course - thus eroding progress to the mythical Hyperborea.)

[Virtu: L virtut, maleness, worth, virtue]

[Prowess: noun, exceptional valor, bravery, or ability, especially in combat or battle; 2 exceptional or superior ability; a valiant or daring deed. Synonyms = audacity, heroism, might, accomplishment.]

[THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS 33. But much more about them (Hyperboreans) is reported by the people of Delos than by any others.

For these say that sacred offerings bound up in wheat straw are carried from the land of the Hyperboreans and come to the Scythians, and then from the Scythians the neighbouring nations in succession receive them and convey them Westwards, ...

Thus they say that these sacred offerings come to Delos;

but at first, they say, the Hyperboreans sent two maidens bearing the sacred offerings, whose names, say the Delians, were Hyperoche and Laodike, and with them for their protection the Hyperboreans sent five men of their nation to attend them,

those namely who are now called Perphereës and have great

honours paid to them in Delos. ...

Since however the Hyperboreans found that those who were sent away did not return back,
they (the Hyperboreans) were troubled to think that it would always befall them to send out and not to receive back; and

so they bore the offerings to the borders of their land bound up in wheat straw, and laid a charge upon their neighbours, bidding them send these forward from themselves to another nation.]

The weak and the botched shall perish,
first principle of our charity.

[The weak and the failures should perish: first principle of *our* love of humanity.]

And one should help them to it.

[And they (the weak and the failures) should be helped to do this (die).]

(Nietzsche is now arguing about his idea of charity being to help the weak and the 'botched' to die)

What is more harmful than any vice?—

Practical sympathy for the botched and the weak - Christianity.. . .

[What is more harmful than any vice? - Active pity for all failures and weakness - Christianity . . .]

(Nietzsche continues with his anti-Christian theme that the practical sympathy for the 'botched' and weak that composes Nietzsche's idea of Christianity is more harmful to a person or to humanity than any and all vice)